

thevillage

VOICE

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Village Voice Inc.

VOL. XXI No. 1

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF NEW YORK

MON. JANUARY 5, 1976

50¢

FACE IT, WOODY ALLEN— YOU'RE NOT A SCHLEP ANYMORE

By Vivian Gornick (P. 9)



TIME



Can a man from a small town in east Texas find happiness controlling 30 per cent of the stock of Time Inc.? You bet he can.

The Man Who Might Run Time Inc.

BY ALEXANDER COCKBURN (P. 16)

How come Carey dumped Nadjari?

BY STOKES & TRACY (P. 22)

Kirlian photography begins a revolution in biology, maybe.

BY DON ETHAN MILLER (P. 21)

Runnin' Scared cites good guys.

BY KEN AULETTA (P. 11)

Artforum goes for political criticism.

BY DAVID BOURDON (P. 64)

Beauty burdens 'Hester Street' heroine.

BY CAROL WIKARSKA (P. 88)

Western mischief: Recolonizing Africa.

BY COCKBURN & RIDGEWAY (P. 27)

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YOU MUST STOP BROODING ABOUT THESE ALLEGATIONS AGAINST PRESIDENT KENNEDY... AFTER ALL, YOUR EMINENCE THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO SUGGEST HE WAS PRACTICING UNNATURAL METHODS OF BIRTH CONTROL.



CONTENTS

ISSUES & IDEAS

9 —FACE IT, WOODY ALLEN, YOU'RE NOT A SCHLEP ANYMORE—Our author finds Allen much better looking offscreen than his anxious and unkempt movie image projects. (Vivian Gornick)

13 —A BROOKLYN CATHOLIC EDUCATION: FREER THAN EVER—BUT IS IT BETTER?—The system is in trouble, situated as it is in the midst of a changing church. (Robert Murphy)

21 —KIRLIAN PHOTOGRAPHY: START OF A REVOLUTION IN BIOLOGY?—The high voltage photographic process renders un-

seen dynamics visible. Just what does it see? (Don Ethan Miller)

22 —HOW COME CAREY DUMPED NADJARI?—It may be a question of honesty. (Geoffrey Stokes and Phil Tracy)

29 —MEDIA ART: BUY IT—BUT—Commercial art for sale: Will it do for your wall what it did for the magazine? (Jon Carroll)

33 —UNEMPLOYED EDITORS STALK A WEST SIDE BAR—Wednesday lunches offer guest lecturers, a bit of lore, and lots of vicious gossip. (Alice Turner)

ARTS & ARTISTS

88 —TWYLA THARP BRINGS THE WIGGLE TO BALLET—Tharp's new work is the jewel of the American Ballet Theatre. (Nancy Goldner)

88 —BEAUTY IS A BURDEN FOR CAROL KANE—The heroine of 'Hester Street' decided to chuck the Madonna image but found it wasn't easy. (Carol Wikarska)

DEPARTMENTS

34 —ALTERNATE CURRENTS (Tucker)

64 —ART (Bourdon)

55 —BELL TELLS (Bell)

33 —BOOKS (Turner/Rinzler)

44 —CENTERFOLD

35 —CLASSIFIED

62 —DANCE (Jowitt)

77 —FILMS (Sarris/Haskell)

30 —HENTOFF

60 —MUSIC (Kerner/Johnson)

16 —PRESS CLIPS (Cockburn)

57 —RIFFS (Maslin/Crouch/Giddins)

11 —RUNNIN' SCARED (Auletta)

24 —SCENES (Smith & Van der Horst)

28 —SCOOP

27 —SURPLUS VALUE (Cockburn & Ridgeway)

82 —TALKING FURNITURE (Wolcott)

71 —THEATRE (Wetzsteon/Sainer/Feingold)

VOICE CARTOONS: Sorel (P. 3), Feiffer (P. 4), Mack (P. 6), Stevenson (P. 14), Brown (P. 57)

LETTERS

Ode Before Their Time

Dear Editor:

Isn't your ode, your swooning farewell ode to the Macho Kid (Voice, December 15), a bit premature?

Or are "Pete," "Otto," "Ken," "Arthur," "Dick," "Jack," "Geoffrey," "Paul," "Eliot," "Cliff," "Jerry," and "Jon" just pen-name disguises for a new all-female cast of Voice writers?

—Janine Canan
Tudor City Place

Champion Macho

Dear Editor:

Pete Hamill's article on "A Farewell to Machismo" (Voice, December 15) fails to mention that Norman Mailer claimed Hemingway's vacant title, only to be knocked out in a 15 rounder by the reigning champ, Charles Bukowski.

—The Kid
East 14th Street

Short Changed

Dear Editor:

Since time immemorial the American male has feared the Castrating Bitch. We rule in the realm of nightmares and secret desires. Now Petey Hamill has said "good-bye to all that" by handing over his on a newsprint platter. Under close scrutiny his don't look like much. Ho hum. I guess it's on to bigger and better things.

—C. Hoffman
Cornelia Street

Progressive Report

Dear Editor:

Just as I was reaching the point of despair with all the fainthearted twaddle going on about the Menace of Big Government I am saved (at least temporarily) by Cockburn and Ridgeway's "Beware the Myths of Politics '76" (Voice, December 22).

This should be required reading in every Democratic clubhouse from here to California (I particularly liked what they had to say about Jerry Brown) lest we who consider ourselves progressives find ourselves progressing in the wrong direction.

—Eleanor McGregor
Brooklyn

The List Complex

Dear Editor:

What the hell is so "middlebrow" about despising Communist dictatorships, calling Idi Amin a racist, sticking up for America and/or Israel in the UN, or as Solzhenitsyn did defining the horrors of the Gulag Archipelago and the naive stupidities of detente?

I share many of the views of the people on Alexander Cockburn and Jack Newfield's list of a "Military-Intellectual Complex" (Voice, December 1). I also share some of the views expressed in The Voice. Am I to suppose that I am on the shit list of left and right wingers both? In a society that is getting less tolerant and democratic I would consider it my moral obligation to get on all the ideologically inspired shit lists that I could manage and inscribe same

on toilet paper for its designated use.

One could easily suspect that if Christ delivered his Sermon on the Mount or Moses the 10 Commandments in this modern world, The Voice would inspect both for ideological purity before committing itself to a comment.

If one is committed to Thomas Jefferson's "Eternal hostility against all tyrannies over the minds of man," which would include all the bogies of Left and Right, then where the hell does one go?

The intellectual tone of The Voice shit list is barely removed from the caveman's club and the pagan's idol. Well, what the hell. If Nixon could have a shit list (much maligned with moral outrage by our pompous Left), why can't The Village Voice?

Thank God for the tolerance of my neighborhood bar of blue-collar workers which is far removed from the higher plains of intellectuals and their petty bullshit.

—Mike Lavelle
Chicago

The Plague Must Go On

Dear Editor:

I read your right-of-center chic list (Voice, December 1) and I want to thank you for publishing the names of those fighters for human freedom.

You deserve the Gulag Archipelago you are striving for in America, whether you know it or not. Unfortunately, your success would result not only in your slavery, which you would richly deserve, but the slavery of millions of decent people.

Radical Chic is a legitimate term which covers those rich s.o.b.s who live in luxury and play revolution and subversion. What you call right-of-center chic is a reaction of intelligent Americans who fear the ultraliberal-radical-utopian-totalitarian direction the country is taking.

A plague on you scoundrels. It is your blind stupidity that will save you from being cast into hell.

—Howard Keats
Hagerstown, Maryland

The Lies of Texas Are Upon You

Dear Editor:

What prompted me to write this letter was Al Reinert's article (Voice, December 22), "Why Texans Make It Big in New York." Linda Lovelace is a Yonkers girl, not a Texan as Mr. Reinert states. She grew up in Yonkers in my neighborhood and went to Catholic grammar school with my older sister. After reading something that I knew was a lie because of personal experience, I asked myself how much bullshit I must read day after day that I believe, and other people believe. I don't know who to blame; but I truly wish that writers would stop beefing up their stories with crap.

—Betsyann M. Faiella
Fifth Avenue

(Although Linda Lovelace grew up in Yonkers, she was born in Bryan, Texas. We hope this restores your faith in at least half the things you read. —Ed.)

Continued on next page

LETTERS (CONTINUED)

Continued from preceding page

Deep in the Heart of Yazoo

Dear Editor:

Al Reinert can't fool me! I don't know about Linda Lovelace or Donald Barthelme, but Willie Morris is from Yazoo, Mississippi. If Texans would learn to check their sources (I refer to Yazoo, and "North Toward Home," by Morris) we Washingtonians wouldn't need to waste our time correcting them. Morris went to the University of Texas, but started out in Yazoo.

—Barbara Berman
Washington, D.C.

East Is East & So Is West

Dear Editor:

How could Al Reinert have forgotten Texans garlanded with award-winning such as Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt who put "The Fantasticks" on the boards . . . wonderful actor Pat Hingle . . . People magazine's news editor Hal Wingo . . . actress Bethel Leslie and her brother Warren, author of "Dallas: Public & Private," and screenwriter Jay Presson Allen. Then there are those Life journalists who made it big in New York before going to California—Tommy Thompson and John Bryson. And the women's magazine's Maggie Cousins!

—Diane Judge
East 38th Street

The Mellow Roses of Texas

Dear Editor:

I was surprised that Al Reinert's "Why Texans Make It Big In New York" (Voice, December 22) left out all the jazz musicians transplanted from the Lone Star state. Hasn't he heard Tex Allen play trumpet, Cedar Walton play piano, or Dewey Redman play sax? (Just to name a few.) Even some of the people who keep jazz going in New York City, like Bob Cooper of

Boomer's, are from Texas. The state has made a large contribution to the New York City jazz scene and these Texans are certainly doing it to it here.

—V. Weiner
Manhattan

Have Guts Will Travel

Dear Editor:

John Gabree's article "American Soldiers of Fortune Go Public" (Voice, December 8) aroused a few memories for me, having had a small passing romance with that syndrome in the pre-Vietnam War era. A most entertaining bit of reporting. However, there is something basically wrong with it. Defining courage and endurance for its own sake as heroism is a distortion of what heroism is. He asks us to "take the idea of the professional adventurer at face value," to ignore the context of the adventure and consider only the personal qualities of the adventurer. "Heroism is the only ethic; there are no good guys, no bad guys, only heroes and cowards." "Ideology aside, (here) are some gen-u-ine heroes."

How can there be heroism without a goal? Heroism is not an ethic, it is selfless service for an ethic. An eye that sees Serpico and Colonel "Mad" Mike Hoare as two sides of one coin must be morally blind. The author ridicules the "fantasy heroism" of the drunken deer hunter in search of his manhood. He is pathetic because he "lives out this adventure ritual without danger of actually killing or being killed." Quite so, but isn't the "merc" who places himself in an actual situation of "killing and being killed" to prove his manhood indulging equally in fantasy heroism? Is "manhood" to be found primarily in courage for itself or in adopting an ethic and being able to suffer for it? Like the drunken deer hunter, the subjects of the article are pathetic in their search for the hero's role, without the hero's commitment. That search can only

end in a sado-masochistic game.

The moral and ethical vacuum that we have found ourselves in the last few years has made it difficult indeed to conceive of heroism. The popular hero figure has come a long way from Gary Cooper's sheriff in "High Noon" of 1952, to the characters of Clint Eastwood, for whom the editor of "Soldiers of Fortune" seems to be auditioning. Brave perhaps, but not a hero.

—Anton Vodvarka
Jones Street

On White Knight and Black Pawns

Dear Editor:

Consider this an open letter, a statement of anger and irritation, rather than a rebuttal. No one asked me to write it and I am not an NYU administrator looking to earn an extra stripe. I am a long-time faculty member in the humanities at NYU, concerned at least as much as Geoffrey Stokes with the survival of the liberal arts at our institution (and elsewhere, for that matter), but with more accurate information at my disposal than the Voice journalist and with less of a penchant for cataclysmic conclusions ("NYU's White Knight Wears Gray Flannel," Voice, December 1).

Stokes poses the most absurd and disturbingly anti-intellectual problems: "How many cops would you trade for a medievalist? Or how many Old Icelandic scholars for a hook-and-ladder company? How many lives for a potential Bach? These questions, are more or less implied as being the sort of interrogation that the new evil genius, President John Sawhill, keeps tantalizing himself with in that fiendish mind of his. But in fact, the questions are Mr. Stokes's, not Mr. Sawhill's. To be sure, NYU's president, like any administrator running anything, is forever required to establish priorities. This was true in the salad days and it is even more true

Continued on page 6

Feiffer

Were you disappointed in Christmas? Yes No



Would you be more or less disappointed if there were no exchange of gifts on Christmas? More Less



DIST. FIELD NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE, 1975

Were you more disappointed this year than last year?

Yes No



Would you be more or less disappointed if there were no family get-togethers on Christmas? More Less



If so, by how much?

5% 10% 15%

More?



What, in your opinion, is the most appropriate way to celebrate Christmas? Hide
Fill In

thevillage VOICE

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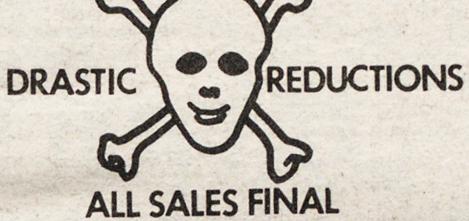
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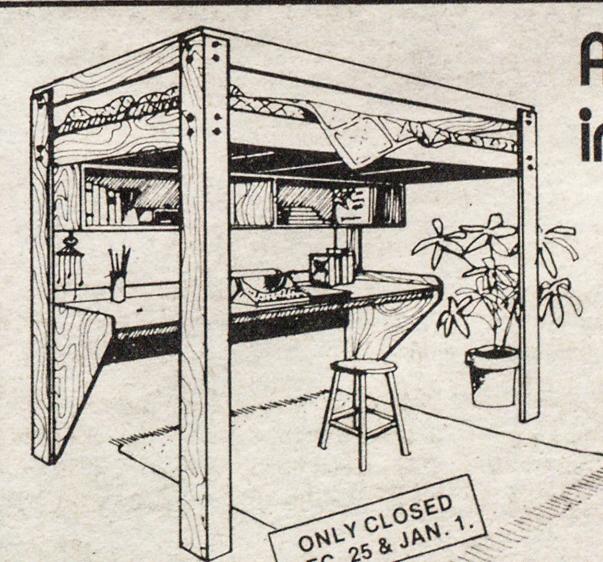
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LETTERS (CONTINUED)

in times of diminishing resources.

Next, Mr. Stokes introduces the reader to Dr. L. Jay Oliva, now vice-president for academic planning. The article implies ambiguously that Oliva is one of the few people at NYU to have a real sense of what a university should be while insinuating that Sawhill sneakily named him to a high post bypassing many other worthies. The faculty is represented as being affronted that Oliva was now "ranked above" one of the deans. The facts are (a) Oliva "ranked above" that dean even before Sawhill came to NYU, (b) I have not met a single faculty member who has even remotely expressed or intimated such an opinion, (c) Oliva is an outstandingly able and proven academic administrator, highly regarded by those who have had any direct dealings with him, and (d) it is no more the ambition of every dean to become vice-president than it is that of every professor to become dean.

Stokes then turns his attention to President Sawhill. "Though he earned a doctorate, it is in Business Administration, not in an academic discipline." That ominous "though" is meant to make us accept the subsequent major assumption of the article, that Sawhill is turning NYU into a vocational school while selling out the liberal arts. This is what the piece is really all about, and in order to make the point strikingly, Stokes leaves out no trick in attacking Sa-

whill.

Everything written about his first few months at NYU is made to appear akin to a plot to subvert the university community. When we are told that he "has gone out of his way to meet with faculty and students," it is made to seem somehow sinister. An unnamed "tenured member of the English Department" is reported to be pondering apocalyptic thoughts: "once you disband a community of scholars, there's no rebuilding it."

The disbanding of the community of scholars is supposedly Sawhill's devilishly clever scheme for destroying the liberal arts in order to open the floodgates to subversion by "a managerial class." What drivel! In his pronouncements to the university community at every level, Dr. Sawhill has unequivocally stated his commitment to the centrality of the liberal arts. Significantly, he has departed from previous NYU fiscal policy that dictated "every tub on its own bottom" and which was viewed as a particular threat by the perennially deficit-producing Arts-Science complex. The Sawhill policy proposed to have the wealthy schools help the poorer ones. In small, serious think sessions with faculty members from all schools and at all ranks, Sawhill is earnestly exploring ways of strengthening the position of the liberal arts. I have participated in some of these sessions and have

ings. Sawhill may not have the answers, but I at least think that he has some of the questions and that he is looking for the answers.

To conclude, as Mr. Stokes does, that NYU should be left to die since saving it means no more than "that the local branch manager of Manufacturers Hanover was educated there rather than at Ohio State," is, to use a hallowed academic phrase, pure bullshit. It has nothing to do with the reality of this institution whose intellectual assets far outweigh its liabilities, an institution which has served the city and the country well for close to a century and a half, which has managed to be distinctive and even distinguished without being elitist.

A few factual matters. Item: The problems related in the article concerning the Metropolitan Studies Program are quite accurate, but they predate Sawhill by a long time. Item: The Department of Slavic Languages is not being phased out as reported by Mr. Stokes. Only the Ph.D. Program in the department. Therefore, the books being ordered for the library for that discipline are not at all some monstrous proof of mismanagement as Stokes gleefully reports.

And lastly, just to complete the picture (to give the other side, as it were!), The Voice chose to run alongside this article a short piece by a somewhat disgruntled graduate student in educational psychology. Why not pick a more satisfied

customer—there are some, you know—and most of all, why not a liberal arts student, since that's what the Stokes piece was all about? Stokes had written early in his article, "You can argue without embarrassment that NYU is a Good Thing." Thanks, Mr. Stokes. Thanks, Village Voice. With friends like you, we need no enemies.

—Thomas Bishop

Florence Gould Professor of French Literature
Chairman of the Department of French and Italian
New York University

Geoffrey Stokes replies: I am delighted that Professor Bishop shares my belief in the primacy of the liberal arts, but disturbed that his zeal had led him to misread my article. The "cops" vs. medievalist question was nowhere implied as being Sawhill's but as being forced upon all of us by the current fiscal crisis. One can wish that it weren't so, but every dollar spent on NYU is one not spent on some other compelling social need.

I suspect that Bishop and I would come out somewhere near each other if we were the budget-makers—that each of us would subsidize the liberal arts despite their apparent inutility. I suspect, too, that we would not subsidize Mr. Whipple.

Bishop believes that Sawhill is more inclined to Bach than to Mr. Whipple. I don't. The evidence he offers are some Sawhill statements and a marginal revision in the university's fiscal policy. I would have more faith in the first had the second not been well underway prior to Sawhill's coming to NYU.

Finally, if Bishop thinks that the mere arrival of Sawhill has somehow eliminated the kind of pointless academic infighting that almost scuttled the Metropolitan Studies Program, then I can only suggest that in his readings in Voltaire, he has been paying far too much attention to Dr. Pangloss.

Blarney Stokes

Dear Editor:

Your reviewer, Geoffrey Stokes, claims to be close to the Irish movement, whether by blood or what's in it I don't know, and that close perspective engenders ambivalent feelings in his Gaelic soul toward the Irish Revolution and somehow similarly the wonderful Irish musical ensemble the Chieftains (Voice, December 1). He says they lack tension—that in fact they somehow negate the Irish struggle, exhuming tradition rather than extending it.

To me this analysis is a little fishy. It's like blaming BT Express for not being Gil Scott-Heron. I think if Geoffrey Stokes understood that the Chieftains keep the Druid Gods alive, just as the best soul music gives praise to the Hoodoo pantheon, he wouldn't go around feeling guilty for reeling in the aisles to the Irish answer to Joujouka.

—Glenn O'Brien
Chicago

Dunno

Dear Editor:

If SoHo is south of Houston Street and NoHo is north of Houston, where is NoNo? Or SoSo?

—John Gunther
Bowery

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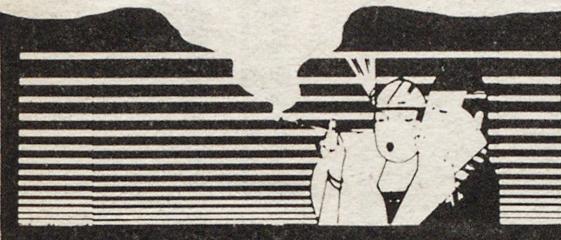
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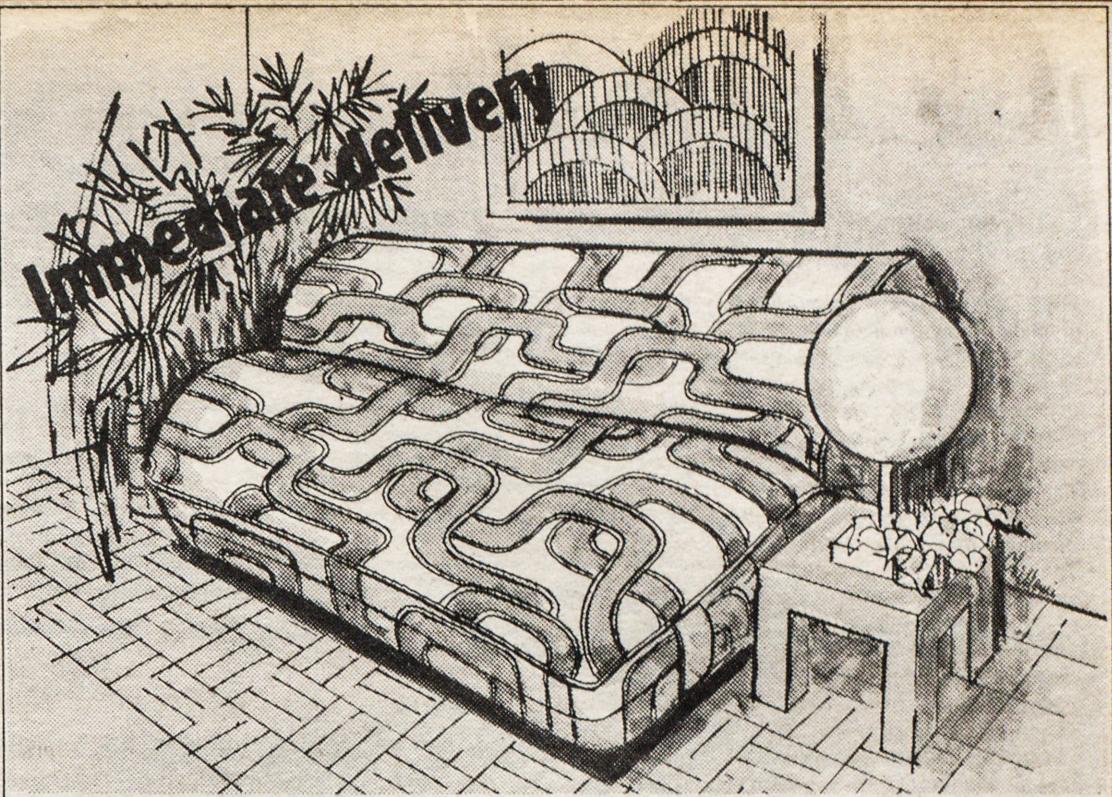
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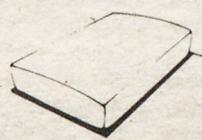
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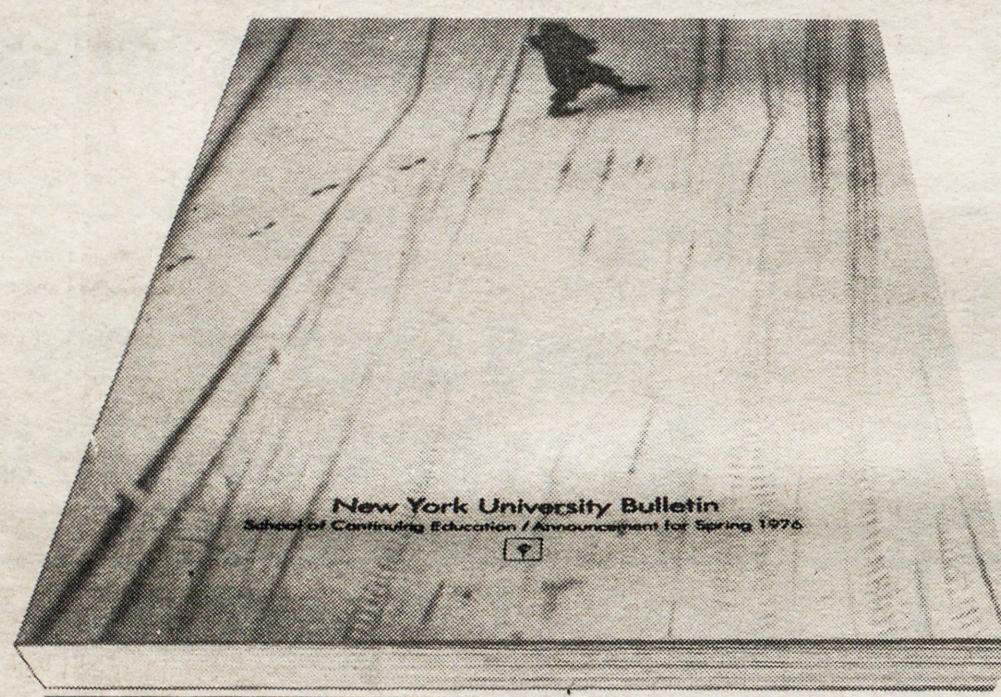
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Face It, Woody Allen, You're Not a Schlep Anymore

BY VIVIAN GORNICK

Woody Allen is the only working comic in America who can satirize Kierkegaard, academic mind-fucking, the occult, Impressionist painters, hip presidential assassins, and Jewish anxiety. He is an intellectual's comic whose movies also make it big in Amarillo, Texas. He is adored by college kids, slapped on the back by businessmen, pursued for his autograph by people of all shapes, ages, and sexes. His picture has been on the cover of Time, and his national fame increases daily.

What is most remarkable about Allen is that he comes out of a generation of brilliant intellectual comics—Mort Sahl, Nichols and May, Lenny Bruce—all of whom have gone under, except for Allen himself. He alone has had the stamina and control not only to survive but to proliferate; his success as a nightclub comedian flowed into success as a movie-maker and then into success as a writer of satire in the New Yorker magazine. While Mort Sahl was savaging himself, Lenny Bruce killing himself, and Nichols and May giving each other up for bigger and better things, Allen's audiences and art remained protean.

The interesting question is: why? Why have all these comic geniuses burnt themselves out while Allen alone continues to multiply his popularity? Is Allen funnier than they were? More inventive, more trenchant, more sustainably brilliant? Is his humor as in touch today as it was 15 years ago while theirs is not? Is his humor growing and changing, still filled with the wild, risky inventiveness that informed his—and their—work 15 years ago? And if so, does this mean that a consistently intelligent comic can achieve enormous box-office success in America?

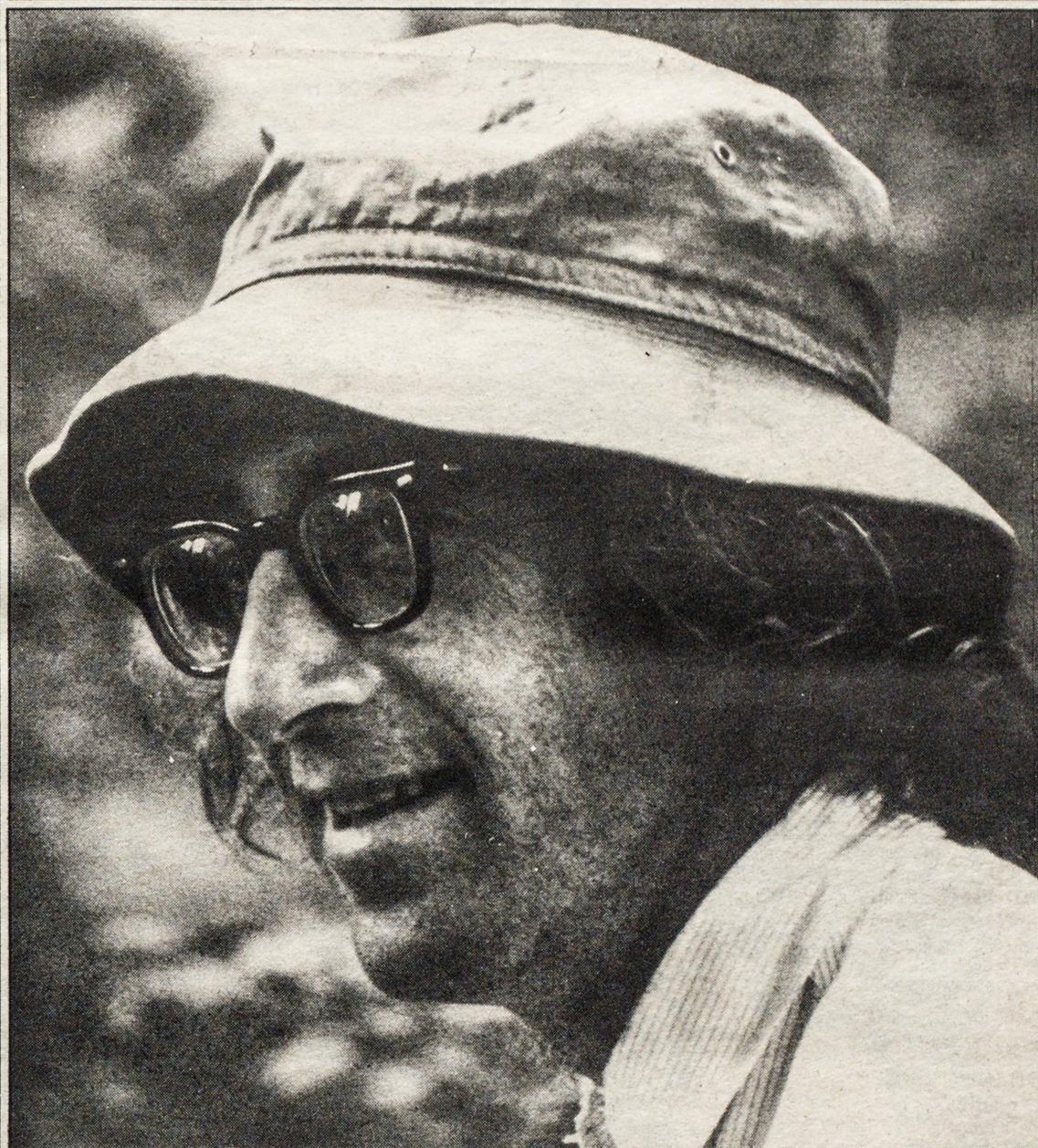
Allen categorically rejects his written satire as the best part of his current work. It is stuff he tosses off, he says, when he has a free moment. It is movies, movies, movies he's up to his psychological eyeballs in. To listen to him talk about his work is to realize that in his mind the Woody Allen persona has as much legitimate life as Charlie Chaplin's tramp.

I listened to Woody Allen speaking about his work and his relation to it some weeks ago, sitting in his livingroom, drinking his cold white wine, receiving his gracious and really kindly hospitality, and feeling horribly, horribly guilty for being there.

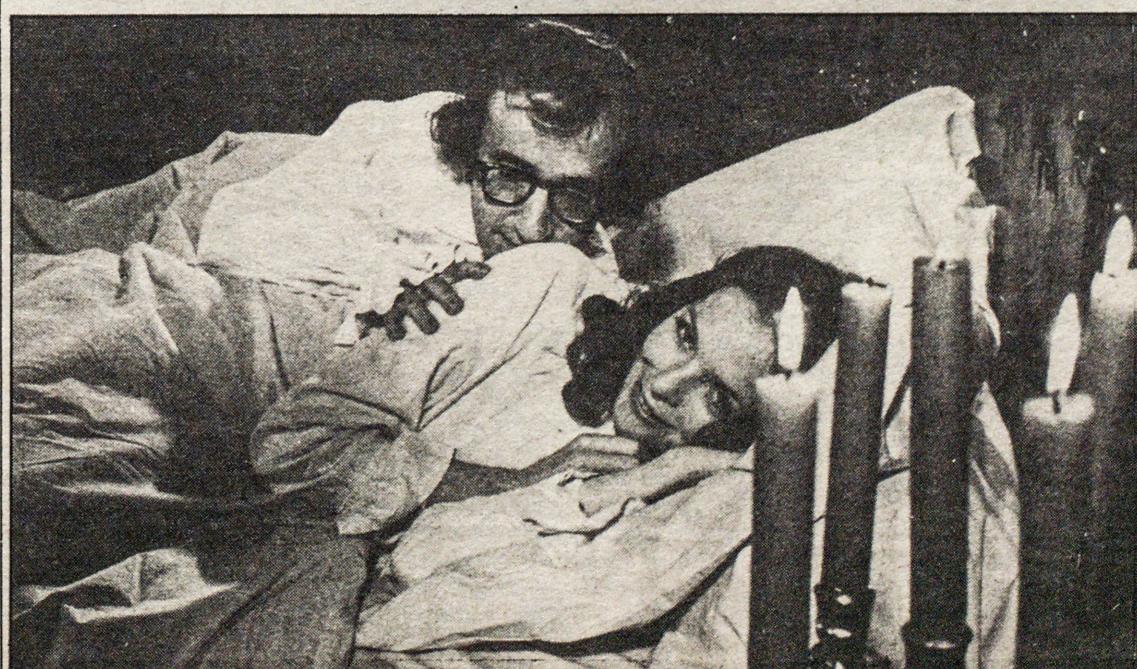
There were some complications to my guilt. To begin with, the celebrity interview is the most illegitimate form of journalism in existence. The interviewer asks a lot of dumb questions, the subject gives a lot of dumb answers, together they pretend that some genuine human exchange is taking place, and it is all bullshit from beginning to end. . . . So I had that to contend with.

Then there was the kind of thing I had come to discuss with this

'I expected Allen to be offscreen exactly what he is onscreen. He is in fact at an unimaginable distance from that vision.'



Convinced Allen would be anxious and unkempt, eating tuna fish out of a can, our author found him much better looking offscreen than on, with a direct, extremely sweet, and altogether kindly, personality. He's not a schlep anymore, but he hasn't faced it.



The most potent characteristic of Allen's outsider humor is the creation of a foil, usually goyim and women. But we've been watching Allen trying to get laid for too many years.

man whose work I have loved, hated, and twitched over. I had to sit there in Woody Allen's livingroom, saying to Woody Allen, "Listen, there's a lot of people out there, and I'm one of them, who are tired of watching Woody Allen try to get laid." . . . No, no. It just wouldn't do. And it didn't do.

Unconsciously, I expected Allen to be offscreen exactly as he is onscreen. I was convinced I would find him anxious and unkempt, living in three hovely rooms, eating tuna fish out of a can. He is in fact—and of course—at an unimaginable distance from that vision. He is neat and clean, much better-looking offscreen than onscreen, in analyzed command of a personality that is direct, extremely sweet, and altogether kindly. He lives in an Upper East Side penthouse overlooking the Park (New York literally wraps itself around the apartment); the rooms go on forever and each of them is richly, comfortably, invitingly furnished. (I stood in the middle of his living room, turning round and round, getting more Jewish by the minute, saying to him, "Did you do all this?")

There was almost no point of contact between us. He said to me: "Tell me, I really want to know, why do you find my films offensive?" I looked at him. "The stuff you do," I said, "is one step removed from cunts, chicks, and broads." He blinked at me. "Yeah," he said softly, "but it's one step removed."

"Tell me," I said, "do you really think girl-chasing is still interesting? I mean, who gives a good Goddamn, anymore?"

"I don't think of it as girl-chasing," he said with dignity. "People are lonely, they have difficulties with women, sex is a great area of human concern. I'm trying to show a guy caught up in all that."

I looked at him. "You create out of a woman a foil who ultimately is an object of ridicule," I said. "Don't you see that? Don't you get enough flack from enough women so that you can see that?"

He sighed. "Listen, when you're a comic you're always offending someone. Jews are offended by my rabbi jokes. In the '60s everyone offended the blacks. Now, it's women."

And so it went. For a whole afternoon and evening we "talked" at one another. I came away from Allen confirmed in what I had suspected from the movies themselves: that he was psychologically frozen into the conviction that the Woody Allen persona he had created, and that derived so entirely from our particular life of 20 years ago—that life that did once, indeed, embody a rich and potent outsider's anxiety—was still funny.

Woody Allen and I are exactly the same age and we come, very nearly, out of exactly the same life. We are both the children of working-class Jews, we both grew

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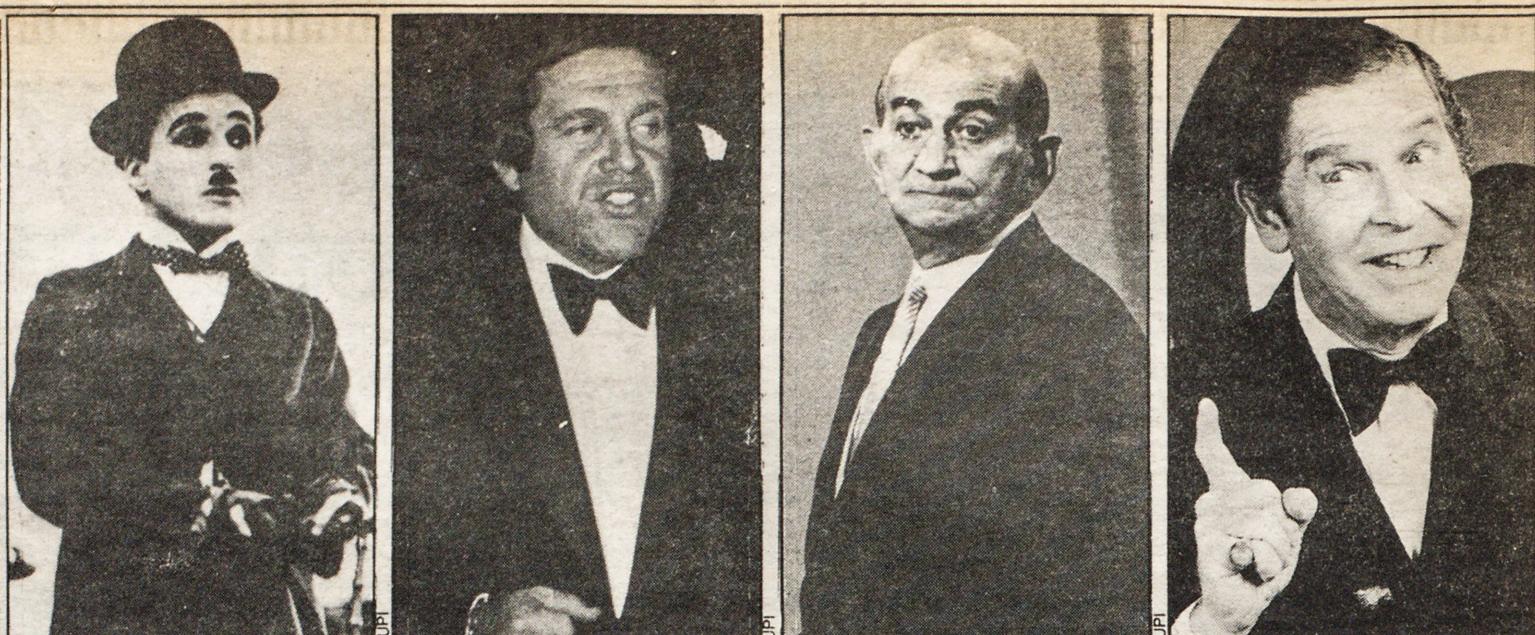
up on the streets of the Bronx and Brooklyn, and we both come from a world where the humor was aggressive, self-mocking, and central to our sense of survival. It was a humor profoundly rooted in outsideness and the pains of assimilation. Our comic forebears were men like Myron Cohen, Milton Berle, Henny Youngman, and Alan King: Catskill Mountain comedians whose humor was harsh and rasping and had the paradoxical healing powers of a knife point pressed to an open wound. From them Sid Caesar, Mel Brooks, and Buddy Hackett learned, and from Caesar, Brooks, and Hackett grew Sahl, Bruce, and Allen. Each generation of these comics reflected the successive state of Jewish assimilation into American life, but each of them still turned in a razor-sharp sense on being outside rather than inside the culture.

The most potent characteristic of the outsider's humor is the creation of a foil. For most Jewish-American comics the foil was goyim and women. Whatever the personality of the comedian—whether harsh, soft, intelligent, or anxiety-ridden—what remained the same in his stable of comedic effects was the arrogant self-mockery with which he described being a Jew in Goyland, and The Ugly Wife ¹⁷ was saddled with as opposed to The Beautiful Girl he could never get. These foils, of course, became, in the hands of an artist of exaggeration, magnificent, obsessive evocations of everything that was doing you in, and everything that was holding out on you. Every human instance of humiliation became The Goyim; every instance of deprivation was embodied in Getting The Beautiful Girl (or conversely, having The Wife or The Mother-In-Law hanging from your neck).

So rich, powerful, and coherent was the internal life from which this humor sprang that to this day—and against my will—Milton Berle and Henny Youngman force from me painful laughter. The gags are dreadful, the foils an embarrassment, but the wholeness out of which these comics were working—that world, that gestalt, that complex reference inside them—is so compelling, so legitimate, so recognizable that I am forced to submit to its terms. After all, this is what made them artists: they were men of comic genius who had internalized perfectly the emotional terms of the world in which they were creating.

Those terms were still *the* terms during my formative years. Younger, better educated, more Americanized than their parents had been, for Sahl, Bruce, and Allen The Goyim were still out there, and the beautiful shiksa still remained an elusive, slightly bitter dream. When Mort Sahl strode onstage in the early 1960s, slapping a rolled-up newspaper against his thigh and talking with the rapidity of a machine-gun about the government, he was, in essence, talking about The Goyim. Conversely, when the judge asked Lenny Bruce to explain to him the difference between a Jew and a Goy, Bruce answered: "A Jew is anyone who lives in a city." And when either of them talked about women and sex the self-mockery was transcendent—and the foil, of course, savaged.

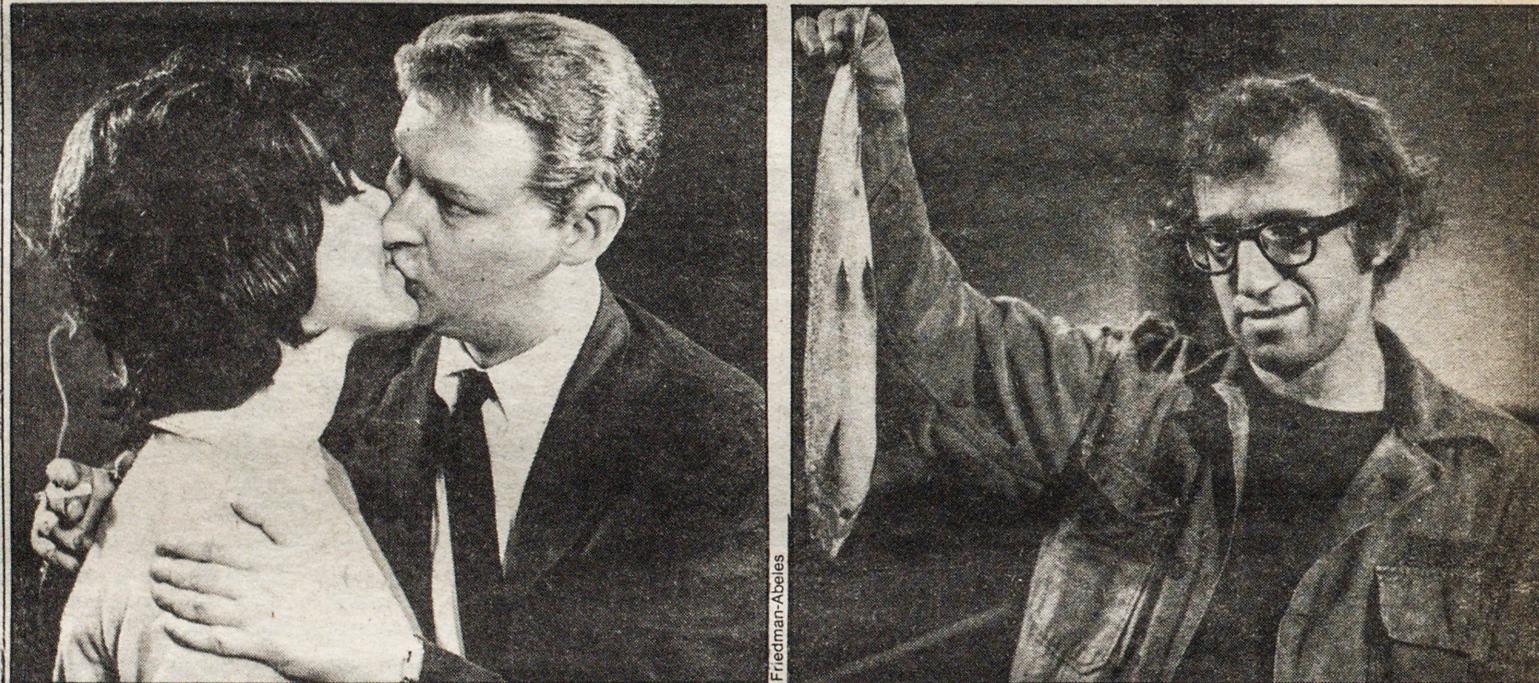
Woody Allen walked out onto the stage of the Bitter End Cafe in New



To Allen, his persona has as much legitimate life as Chaplin's "tramp." But his true forebears were harsh, rasping Catskill comics like Alan King, Myron Cohen, and Milton Berle.



Other comics of Allen's generation, like Lenny Bruce and Mort Sahl, reflected growing Jewish assimilation but still retained the sense of the outsider of mentors like Henny Youngman.



Nichols and May gave each other up for better things. Will Allen continue to flourish as a schlep, or must he grow and change?

York City one night in 1964, a small, skinny man with a faceful of eyeglasses and anxiety, told three jokes about being bullied as a kid in Brooklyn and three more about what a stud he "really" was, and became in an instant the apotheosis of the generations of Jewish-American humor that had gone into his making. For me and my friends, sitting in the audience at the Bitter End that night, he was—in a word—*us*. Not only was his humor everything we had come out of, it was everything we were at that moment. It was all the anguish and laughter of people growing up smart and anxious, huddled on the edge of a world we could see but not touch, remaking our lives daily in the mythic exaggeration with which we turned every minor encounter into experience. It was the Bronx and Brooklyn with half a dozen Woody

afraid of everything, clutching a strapful of books to his caved-in chest, armed only with his brains and his self-consciousness, fantasizing about all those golden shik-sas—all that America!—out there and transforming our worst fears about ourselves into an act of recognition through the radiant anxiety of his wit.

The key word for Allen was anxiety. His face, his voice, his gags, his sagging shoulders and wildly inventive responses—they were all filled with it. Anxiety was the juice that electrified him, that set him going, and kept him running. And thousands of us drank in his anxiety like adrenalin, because it was the same for us. Half in the culture, half out, we too were anxious. Milton Berle wasn't anxious, he was aggressive—because he was all the way out. But Wood, Allen was half in and half out—and

that makes you *anxious*. It was this anxiety that gave Allen his *gestalt*, his persona, the deep inner reference that makes for wholeness. And so strongly did it mirror the world inside us that we forgave him his old Jewish foils and laughed and laughed (The *Goyim*, The *Awful Wife*, The *Beautiful Girl He Could Never Make*—they were all there).

What was most striking about Allen's humor in those years is that this Jewish anxiety at the center of his wit touched something alive in America at that moment, and it went out beyond us. It made Jews of gentiles, it made women identify with his myopic, disheveled attempts at sexual success, it made large, strong people feel small and threatened. It meshed so perfectly with the deepest undercurrents of feeling in the national life that it made outsiders of us all. His

terms, then, were the terms for the unassimilated state of anxiety in which we perpetually live.

The years passed, Allen left the nightclubs, started making movies, and began to become a national figure. The persona he had created on the stage passed onto the movie screen, and now millions laughed at what only thousands had laughed at before. The running gag beneath all his invention about the little Jewish schlep from Brooklyn who only wants to stay alive and get laid was as effective as ever. Yet, slowly, slowly, picture by picture, I for one, found myself laughing less and less. Less and less, I felt the *wholeness* behind Allen's humor that I had felt in the early club years. More and more, I

always gives off: the feeling that the comic is standing out there on some dangerous associative edge feeling his or her way into unknown territory.

On the other hand, many, many people—and I'm one of them—still say: "Woody Allen. Fantastic. Did you read 'The Whore of Mensa'? I tell you, the guy's a *genius*." Almost inevitably, these days, the people I know who still feel the power of Allen's comic genius are talking not about his movies but about the satire he writes in the *New Yorker*. There, indeed, one feels tremendous point and focus to the wit. There, indeed, is the sense of a comic in touch. When Allen starts a piece on psychic phenomena with the words:

'Allen's persona is missing from his written satire. The voice is there, but not the schlep, and in that absence I find his wit.'

found myself laughing at one-liners, and walking out of the movie feeling strangely empty.

And then one day I found myself sitting through a Woody Allen movie and not laughing at all. The movie was "Play It Again, Sam" and halfway through it I realized I was not only not laughing, I was angry and somewhat repelled. I felt as though I'd been watching Woody Allen try to get laid for 20 years now, and I did not want to see it *one more time*. Suddenly, the joke was old-fashioned and disgusting to me. The obsessive lechery startled and antagonized me. I found myself identifying with the foil rather than with the comic. I found myself rejecting the deepest references behind the humor; the whole thing seemed so desperately beside the point, and out of a world that was passing from emotional view.

I realized then, with a jolt, that the world inside *me* had altered radically, and Woody Allen's humor no longer spoke to it. The anxious outsider in me could no longer be expressed in his unaltered terms. I thought: enough already, with the goyim and the women. Whatever kind of beleaguered Jew I might still feel myself to be it was not the one that was taking shape up there on the screen. And God knows, I could no longer find his ridiculing pursuit of women *funny*. The deep, unspoken references vibrating unconsciously in each of us at any given point in cultural time, and from which all art—comic or otherwise—takes its life, no longer had wholeness or focus for me in Woody Allen's movies. I might still laugh from time to time at his gags but they were now just gags for me.

I thought: it's just me, everybody else still finds him funny, feminism is destroying my sense of humor. But it wasn't true, everybody else did not still find him funny. Especially many of the women I knew, they did not find him funny. ("Yech," said one, "a pig!" "Woody Allen," said another, "he's a closet hater." "Oh God," said still another, "he's made millions playing the Jewish schlemiel who can't make the girl. Am I supposed to pay good money to see that happen?") Many people felt that the persona of the Jewish schlep had become frozen in time and space, that Allen's movies no longer had the wild, inventive, risk-taking sense that new comedy

"There is no question that there is an unseen world. The problem is, how far is it midtown and how late is it open?" I can feel the laughter shaking through me *already*, and I settle down to a sustained piece of comic associativeness that I know is going to give me pleasure, pure pleasure. It is not a series of gags I am about to be inundated by, it is a piece of comic invention I am about to be gratified by; and the success of the invention will turn on Allen's accurate apprehension of what's happening in the world out there as I am actually experiencing it. For Allen has turned out to be an amazing intellectual mimic who reads a great deal and, whether he understands what he reads or not, is able to mimic the intellectual *sound* of it—and this mainly because he feels instinctively how people out there are living emotionally, right this minute, in relation to that sound. Here, in the written pieces, I feel the unspoken references gathering once more into a gestalt out of which the humor grows organically. Here, in the pieces, I find myself saying "He knows, he *knows*" as I used to do so many years ago listening to Woody Allen.

Of course, the most obvious point to be made about Allen's written satire is that the persona of Woody Allen is missing from it. The *voice* of Woody Allen is there, but not the girl-chasing schlep that dominates his movies; he's absent; and it is in that absence that I find Allen's wit flourishing and finding new roads toward growth.

And equally, of course, it is not the written satire that is making Allen millions of dollars, or making them love him in Amarillo, Texas. It is the movies; which most of us who were in the audience at the Bitter End 10 years ago now feel is hack work.

But I liked Allen so much that he must have the last word. By the end of our evening together I was so distressed with having drunk his wine, eaten his dinner, and received his warm welcome into his home that I found myself saying over and over again: "Woody, I'm so sorry I have to say all these awful things about you!" And he kept patting my hand reassuringly and saying: "It's alright. I understand. Really. I do."

It was the perfect ending to a Woody Allen movie.

RUNNIN' SCARED

'For those good guys in politics and government—from whose acts and mistakes I make a joyous living—this New Year's column is dedicated.'

BY KEN AULETTA

Next to prosecutors, some of the most ruthless people I know are journalists. Many of us make a living by putting people down, unearthing some new scandal, piggybacking on disasters, the more frequent the better. The compass of such personal virtues as decency, compassion, individual loyalty, or friendship does not always guide us. Rather, in attempting to keep politicians honest, we too often focus on getting an angle, a headline, having an impact—ruthlessly pursuing a story. In the process, those of us who cover politics sometimes become bigots, substituting the epithet "politician" for "nigger," assuming that personal ambition and compromise are peculiar to politics. Or, as Maurice Nadjari told the Daily News last Wednesday while putting down Robert Morgenthau: "I don't know what his political alliances are—a man in politics can't do this job." Presumably Nadjari, who skillfully orchestrated a series of leaks and three straight days of favorable front-page stories, is not in politics.

For some of those in New York government and politics—from whose acts and mistakes I make a joyous living—this New Year's column is dedicated. Admittedly, several of the people listed here are good sources. Most are not. They're just good, and sometimes anonymous, public servants who deserve a tip of the hat once in a while.

Barbara Baer: As an assistant to Andrew Stein, her hard digging and outrage at nursing home abuses paid off. At a time when "caring" is less fashionable, she proved it sometimes works.

Al Blumenthal: Deserves criticism. But one cannot judge a man's entire lifetime by isolated errors. Remains one of smartest and most decent men to grace the political stage.

Mario Cuomo: The Sir Thomas More of politics. Like More, the secretary of state is more concerned with success as a human being than as a public figure.

Morris Abram: The chairman of the Moreland Commission investigating nursing homes is a man of great decency who has forfeited quick headlines in favor of producing a comprehensive and scathing report.

Carol Bellamy: Often walks in the shadow of Bella and Mary Ann. This hardworking state senator is both civil and effective.

George Clark: The Brooklyn Republican county leader speaks his mind to everyone and is a hell of a nice guy.

Steve Clifford: An unsung hero in Comptroller Goldin's effort to prod Beame. A good accountant who also adds up what things mean.

Eugene Bockman: As director of the city's municipal library he presides with great knowledge over one of the city's great treasures.

Betty Dolan: As executive director of the Board of Elections she holds that pathetic institution together through sheer competence and good cheer.

David Dinkins: The city clerk likes people and is not afraid to show it.

Michael DelGiudice: A key and often unnoticed staff member to Speaker Steingut.

Richard Brown: As a criminal court judge he works hard and miraculously avoids becoming jaded.

Peter Goldmark: The state budget director has the job of saying no. Though this role may not camouflage his brains, it often hides his decency.

Abe Goodman: The deputy administrator of EDA looks like a hack. He even sounds like one. But he is hardworking and makes his boss look better than he should.

Jolie Hammer: She used to make Council President Garelak look good on the Board of Estimate (a difficult task). Now she makes Percy Sutton look good.



D.A. Mario Merola

Victor Gotbaum: He manages to represent both his union members and the broad interests of the city. One of the best.

Joel Harnett: The head of the City Club drives many city officials up a wall, but he often proves to be correct.

Stanley Fink: The Brooklyn assemblyman manages to be loyal both to his friends and the issues. He would make a good Speaker.

Stanley Friedman: Often judged harshly because he knows how to shake political skeletons and is close to Pat Cunningham. Truth is he's able and has guts to tell reporters they're full of crap, as I well know.

Bernard Gifford: As deputy chancellor of the Board of Education he has tried to apply his considerable intelligence to the unintelligible.

Father Robert Kennedy: A prime mover in Catholic charities who reminds you of what the church was supposed to be.

Ed Koch: Being a member of Congress is no big deal. Koch makes the job more important than it often is without becoming full of his own self-importance.

Arthur Levitt: A difficult man, but what a batting average.

Mario Merola: Not all district attorneys need be ruthless or press leakers to prove they are tough or honest.

Fred Ohrenstein: I used to think he was a jerk. Perhaps we've both changed. He's now an effective senate minority leader, more interested in persuading than posturing.

Robert Laird: The governor's press secretary tries as hard as any to represent the interests of a free press as well as his principal.

John O'Hagan: The fire commissioner may be the city's best commissioner.

Harry O'Donnell: The Babe Ruth of press secretaries.

Paul O'Brien: It's not easy being press secretary to Jay Goldin, but Paul does make the press' life a little easier by supplying all those arcane figures.

James McManus: In terms of serving his constituents and delivering a vote, this West Side "regular" district leader may be the best.

Lewis Rudin: The head of the Association for a Better New York is a cheerleader for those in power. But if you don't like him you're probably a Communist.

Carol Opton: As one of Carey's appointments secretaries she drives the press mad with her closed mouth. But she works hard and effectively.

Donna Shalala: MAC's treasurer is smart and acts as if she didn't need the job or the prestige.

Henry Stern: One of the hardest working members of the City Council.

Matthew Troy: Perhaps you wouldn't want your daughter to marry him—and he is no longer as quotable as he used to be—but he works hard and effectively.

John Scanlon: MAC's PR director has been invaluable to the press and has a sense of humor about the world and himself.

Howard Rubinstein: Has some lousy PR clients, but he knows how to say "no comment" rather than lie to the press.

Herb Ranschburg: The research director of the Citizens Budget Commission has long blown the whistle on city budget practices.

Arnold Weiss: It's not easy being a liberal. The state NDC chairman remains one, and a nice guy to boot.

Robert Wagner, Jr.: The Manhattan councilman may be in the wrong business. Let's hope not. A smart, sensitive public servant who tries to look beyond his nose.

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OPTIONS



Jacob Burckhardt

Yoko Ono at 1975 Poetry Project New Year's reading

VOICES: The Great St. Mark's Poetry Project Gang meets again to give us a performance extravaganza including John Cage, Sam Rovers, Joel Oppenheimer, Robert Wilson, John Giorno, Patti Smith, and legions of other poets, dancers, and musicians. This ritual of word and music will last well into the night with all proceeds going to the care and keep of year-long Project readings, free writing workshops, newsletter, and publications. Be prepared for a crowd scene, but, it's the best way we know to begin again. (**THE POETRY PROJECT**, St. Mark's Church, 10th Street and Second Avenue, 674-0910, doors open at 6:30, program at 8:30, January 1.) **VVV**

Reno Sweeney says it's already sold out, but for pop diva Barbara Cook and the uncannily talented young singer-impostor Kathy Light bringing in the New Year as "the older Judy Garland," it's worth a try. (126 West 13th Street, 691-0900.) **(GH)** **VVV**

CO-OPTED: The Noho Gallery is a 30-member artists' cooperative, now holding its first annual Christmas show where members invite one friend each to exhibit work—a fine opportunity to see previously unshown and unknown art. In addition, the Noho Gallery has created "Noho for the Arts," a separate organization featuring poetry readings, films, music, dance, and special events. In the past, the gallery has presented South Indian classical music, plus original films and performance events. They provide lights and the space. The events director organizes the rest. Admission is usually a \$2 contribution. This week, on December 30 at 8 p.m., a trio, "Two Dancers and a Different Drummer," will perform in solo and ensemble configurations of dance and sound improvisation. The audience is invited to contribute improvisational ideas. For further information about future performances, how to utilize the space and current exhibits, contact Olga Sheirr Krelak at 473-9619. (**NOHO GALLERY/NOHO FOR THE ARTS**, 542 La Guardia Place, 473-5926, 8:30 and 12 p.m., cover and minimum). Broadway's inextinguishable Dolores Gray at Brothers and Sisters (355 West 46th Street, 765-7848, 9:30 and 12:30 p.m., dinner package or show alone); and Jane Oliver, Chad Mitchell, and Judith Cohen—three, count 'em, accomplished singers—at the Ballroom (458 West Broadway, 473-9367, 10 p.m. seating, **THE ARTS**, 542 La Guardia Place, 473-5926, dinner, champagne, and show package) **9619.** **(MDB)** **VV**

BOITES FOR NEW YEAR'S: The cabarets are putting on their finest for New Year's Eve, so if you're too young for Guy Lombardo and too old for Barry Manilow, why not spend the evening with a local superstar? Choicest offerings: the gifted Alaina Reed with singer-comedian Michael Greer at The Grand Finale (210 West 70th Street, 595-4206, 8:30 and 12 p.m., cover and minimum). Broadway's inextinguishable Dolores Gray at Brothers and Sisters (355 West 46th Street, 765-7848, 9:30 and 12:30 p.m., dinner package or show alone); and Jane Oliver, Chad Mitchell, and Judith Cohen—three, count 'em, accomplished singers—at the Ballroom (458 West Broadway, 473-9367, 10 p.m. seating, **THE ARTS**, 542 La Guardia Place, 473-5926, dinner, champagne, and show package) **9619.** **(MDB)** **VV**

FOOD

Year End Effervescence

Nothing can withstand the good nature of champagne, and now, when we need it most, we've located a few fine yet still affordable bottles. These days, champagne is coming down in price, but since quantity, as well as quality, is important on New Year's, you may well want to opt for one of the less expensive private brands, some of which are an excellent value. A recent tasting of 11 bottles prompted the following suggestions:

Midtown: Park Avenue Liquor, 23 East 40th Street: *Charbaut Champagne*, 1969, \$8.75. Though hardly well-known, this is a good, light champagne, coming from one of the city's best shops for fine, old wine.

Midtown East: Peter Morrel, 307 East 53rd Street: *Inglenook Brut "Champagne"* 1970, \$5.25. A winner from California, one of the very best our country produces, reasonably priced, and possessing a clean, fruity taste, typical of California wines. *Deutz Champagne*, 1970, \$13. If you can handle the price, try this: definitely the find of our tasting.

Upper East Side: Sherry-Lehman, 61st Street and Madison: *Marcel Champagne N.V.* \$8.00. A well-selected, full-bodied, dry champagne with good effervescence.

Upper West Side: 67th Street Liquor, 179 Columbus Avenue: *Jean de Plessis*, 1971, \$5. Not a real champagne, but a good, sparkling wine produced in the same manner in a neighboring region. More fruity, less austere.

The Village: Heritage Liquor, 67 East 9th Street: *Moet & Chandon N.V. White Label* \$9.90. The name speaks for itself and, here, at a good price.

And finally, if you've got the money, spend New Year's Eve with a bottle of what may well be the finest champagne made: *Bollinger R.D.*; 1964 or older. A rarity. Ten years in the cask, then aging in the bottle produces a champagne that is fresh yet complex, with overlays of time and great breeding, \$17. Not widely available but worth the search. (P.J.G.)

VOICE CEN

Editor: Alexandra Anderson, Assistant Editor: Rosemary Cira
The Voice Rates New York: O V VV VVV VVVV

LIGHTER-THAN-AIR

Watch an indoor model airplane builder in a space with a ceiling more than 20 feet high: his eyes rise to the heights as his forefingers begin the habitual ritual of picking glue from his thumbs. He will be one of perhaps a thousand people in the world fascinated by the gyrations of extraordinarily light-weight structures (an international "FAI" class plane with a 26-inch wing span will weigh little more than a gram) flying for what seems interminable periods (often approaching 40 minutes) in enclosed spaces. Indoor flyers are usually middle-aged or nearing it. A few younger people fly, usually the sons of friends of indoor flyers. The women are usually preteenage girls not wanting to be left out on a family outing.

For a spectator, indoor flying has to be one of the world's most boring spectacles. After the wonder of the planes as exceedingly beautiful and delicate structures, their flight seems anticlimactic; they're so light it's a wonder they come down at all.

An indoor model builder develops his skills through the systematic pursuit of progressively more difficult building projects. From the simplest and sturdiest EZB covered with condenser paper (the lightest of tissues) to the Penny Plane spanning 18 inches, weighing no more than a U.S. penny and covered with the gossamer polycarbonate films, he works toward the ne plus ultra of "indoor," the FAI (Federation Aeronautique Internationale) class. With wing spars measured in thousandths of an inch, the wings must be braced with wires so fine they are all but invisible. The tube which makes up the fuselage is rolled from balsa wood less than one-sixty-fourth of an inch thick. Long thin strands of rubber, requiring up to 40 minutes to unwind, turn the spidery propellers. The FAI plane is covered with a film the modeler makes by pouring an acetate solution on water, measuring its thinness by the colors refracted as the light hits its surface.

For relief from the nerve-wracking handling and flying of such delicate things, indoor modelers build and fly two other types of planes: flying scale models are really no less finely built but because they are miniature replicas of full-scale aircraft they tend to be sturdier, heavier, and fly for shorter periods of time (up to three minutes). Their flight in an architecturally familiar space can be mind-boggling for they are often quite realistic and seem, in their circling flight patterns, to be in search of a way out of an unfamiliar environment.

Hand-launched gliders are a violent and physically taxing form of indoor flying. In high-ceilinged spaces such as the old dirigible hangers at Lakehurst, New Jersey, a glider will be flung to more than 100 feet high to circle for more than



Indoor flying is designed to a combination of strength that it can be thrown full but never touch it. The plane slows down and begins its leisurely circling.

Indoor activity in the metropolitan area is growing rapidly in the past few years (for more than 40 years) of indoor dirigible hangars at Lakehurst. Many during the warmer spring, summer, and fall, the schedule of winter flying events.

NEW JERSEY: Union at the Union Gym and Auditorium, 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. on January 12, March 11, April 8, and May 13. Fox Run Drive, Plainsboro, New Jersey, for information.

NEW YORK: Record Trial at Locust Valley, Long Island, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. on April 3, Contest at Cantiague Park, Cantiague, New York, for information.

Contest at Nassau County Arena: Nassau County, New York, for information.

'OTHER MOVIES'

The film experienced by the director as expression and communication has formed the foundation of many new



Scene from the film "Raw Deal"

cultist film programs, including *Raw Deal*.

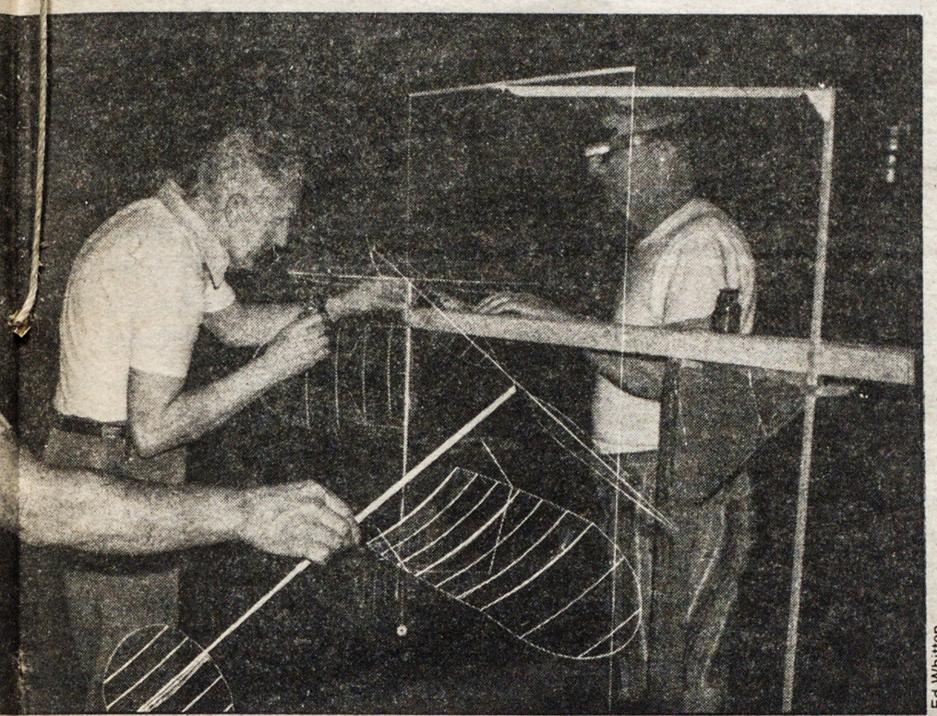
The Cineclub has existed for many years, formerly known as "1000 Eyes." Howard Mandelbaum and Roger Corman retain a reputation that could be compared to that of the filmgoers. This cult club, dedicated to the works of individual directors, has proprietors who insist on two things: eating during the screening and visiting the screening room is closed after the screening. Often, they have found, films made between 1920 and 1960 were who are remembered for a few years and forgotten altogether. Three directors championed are Andre de Toth, a '40s and '50s brutality westerns with baroque actions; Anthony Mann, a leading example of "film noir" because of extreme camera angles, murky lighting, and despair; and Douglas Sirk, who is a poet as well as a cultist but objective, yet one sees each frame as intelligent layers of visual meaning.

The Winter series is entitled "Traditional Genre Cinema" and Robert Siodmak's "Uncle Harry,"

INTERFOLD

741-0030 ext. 328
January 1—January 7

N-AIR PLANES



Ed Whitten

oor model airplane flyers prepare their aircraft for flight.

or lower ceilings, the plane such lightness and high force toward the ceiling as an inch or two from the ceiling glide to the floor. metropolitan area has been ears. The traditional center door flying has been the most events there take place in the winter and fall months. Here is information, contact Jean Paillet, 30 Emerson Road, Brookville, Glen Head, New York, 11545.

RECORD TRIALS AT LOW LIBRARY ROTUNDA, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., January 10, contact Ron Williams, 1364 Lexington Avenue, New York City 10028. All of these events are sanctioned by the Academy of Model Aeronautics, in Washington, D.C., and require an AMA license to be a flying participant. Events are free to spectators and people friendly. Spectators are welcome but must understand that they must follow the directions of participating modelers and exercise care and reserve.

The indoor modeling world is informed by "INDOOR NEWS AND VIEWS," a newsletter published by Mr. Bud Tenny, Box 545, Richardson, Texas 75080. Write for a free sample copy to test your interest. Other modeling publications such as Model Aviation, Model Airplane News, Model Builder, and Flying Models cover the sport, but minimally. The best way to learn about this complete and delicate hobby is through knowing other people who are already involved. You will meet them at the indoor flying meets and trials. (RW)

one ongoing at the Cine-

for five years and was Run with an iron hand by Mr. McNiven, the Cineclub has intimidated many average spectators to viewing in-depth a hardcore audience. The absolutely no talking or ever being on time since it has begun. Cineclub finds have major reputations. Inside the Hollywood studio were executed by directors few movies or have been actors the Cineclub have second feature director of which are noted for their the 40s director who is a because his films depend on lighting, and the visible tone is a favorite among artists because he seems totally he is attached with highly

g. "Crime and Violence in includes such films as: a 1946 movie with George Sanders and Geraldine Fitzgerald, and "Raw Deal" directed by Anthony Mann in 1948 featuring Claire Trevor, Dennis O'Keefe, and Raymond Burr. The spring series will bring films joined together under the title "Comedy and Americana (Mostly)." For all information, dates, time and place of showings, serious viewers are asked to telephone 260-4178. Contribution: \$1 for film attended.

A program of another film genre, "Photographers on Film," will be presented at the Midtown Y. This is a 12-week film and slide series by and about still photographers. The series begins with two films about Atget with narration by Berenice Abbott and two films by Man Ray: "Les Mysteres du Chateau du Des" (1929) and "Emak Bakia" (1927). Other films from this important series include: Paul Strand and Charles Sheeler's "Manhattan" (1921), a film about how it felt to be in New York after World War I; Ralph Steiner and Willard Van Dyke's "The River" (1937), which is about the Mississippi River Basin and its place in American History; the rarely seen "In the Streets" by James Agee, Helen Levitt, and Janice Loeb; along with films about Harry Callahan, Aaron Siskind, Imogene Cunningham, Dorothea Lange, and Walker Evans. There will be two slide presentations by the photographer William Barksdale on the history of photography. The series begins on January 7, 1976 and continues on Wednesday evenings through April 7. Individual showings are \$2 or \$18 for the entire series. Programs begin at 8 p.m. For further information contact Emanu-el Midtown YM-YWHA 344 East 14th Street, 674-7200. (EB)

OPENINGS

MUSIC



Saxophonist Gerry Mulligan

Gerry Mulligan: The veteran maker of cool sounds, saxophone virtuoso Mulligan back again after two years with his sextet to coax in the New Year. (Hopper's, 452 Sixth Avenue, 260-0250, three sets nightly, starting at 10 p.m. through January 3, special New Year's Eve performance from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.) (AA) **VVV**

Kirk Nurock: Composer/pianist Nurock conducts the premiere of his vocal work "Audience Oratorio Part II: Street Corner Movement" first at WBAI on New Year's Eve at 8 p.m. and then takes to the park (Central) at 11:30 p.m. In both cases, sounds from the audiences are essential. (WBAI Free Music Store, 359 East 62 Street, tune in to WBAI for Nurock's precise location in the Park on December 31, free.) (AA) **NR**

Tahuantinsuyo: Not just "ethnic" music but very beautiful sounds for any ear, made lovingly by South Americans in the style of the Incan inhabitants of the high Andes. Flutes, panpipes, a large drum, guitars, and a *charango*, like a guitar with the body an armadillo shell. Paul Simon dug the sound. (Cafe Latinoamericano Pan y Canto, 16 West 55 Street, 586-8711, Tuesdays 10 p.m., and at the lovely subterranean El Cafe, 116 MacDougal Street, 673-2970, Wednesdays 10 p.m.) (AJM) **VVV**

"Dear Piaf": Chanteuse Edith Piaf's songs should be gritty with life and tristesse, not prettied with ensemble harmonizing and realistic sets. However, even the best performances could not redeem many of these songs, which are empty sacks unfilled by Piaf's breath. (Mama Gail's, 24 Wooster Street, 925-2347.) (CT) **V**

FILM

"Winsor McCay Retrospective": Out of the mists that have muddled the beginnings of American film emerges with special clarity one Winsor McCay, workhorse journalist, celebrated Herald Tribune comic strip creator, and virtually the first and last one-man animation studio to turn out a considerable body of work, most of which is presented in this timely package. McCay, whose highly idiosyncratic work is very much a showman advertisement of self, is half Edwin S. Porter tinkerer and half Tex Avery anarchist and all Norman McLaren-style individualist. Seeing his work in perspective is to sense once more a Lumiere-Melies sensation of surprise and to guess at the alternatives bypassed by the inevitability of studio mass production. (Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Avenue at 75th Street, 249-4100, through January 6.) (TA) **VVV**

THEATRE

"The Spaceman": Robert Wilson and Ralph Hilton, both artists in many media, present more radical theatre in the form

of a performance which combines video, film, and live actors. The work is structured in three categories—portrait, still-life, and landscape—and continues Wilson's extraordinary explorations in nonverbal theatre. (The Kitchen, 59 Wooster Street, 925-3615, January 2, 3, and 4 at 8:30 p.m.) (AA) **NR**

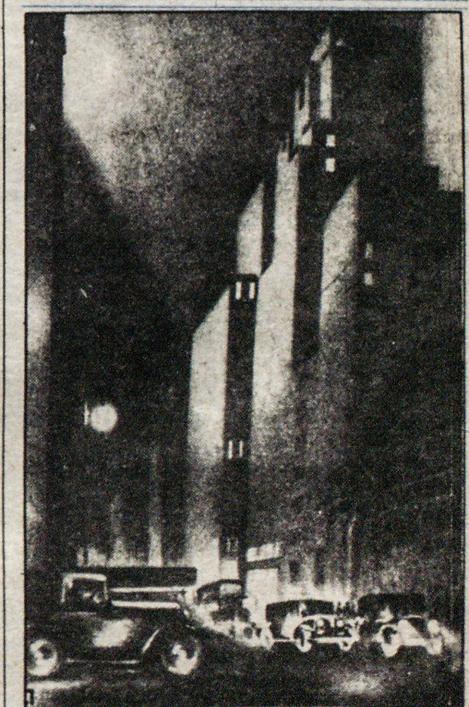
"Hamlet": Charles Cioffi is the most astute and effective Claudius I have ever seen. Sam Waterston is the worst Hamlet. The production has many virtues, except for the ranting void in the center. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, Lincoln Center) (CT) **V**

Two One-Acts: "Great Nebula in Orion" is a slightly syrupy tale of two women who are different, but both dissatisfied. It's okay, but the rating is for "Tira Tells Everything There Is to Know About Herself" with a sparkling Adrienne Bernbaum as Tira, a latter-day Carol Burnett hopelessly hapless with five men—all played by one rubber-faced Chuck Helsley. (Persona Cafe Theatre, 507 West Street, corner of Jane, 242-9357, Thursday through Monday through January 3, at 8:30, allow plenty of time to find it.) (AJM) **VV**

"Murder Among Friends": Bob Barry's comedy-mystery is only a Punch and Judy show with class, but what's wrong with a good classy Punch and Judy show? Jack Cassidy makes a thoroughly punchable Punch, and Janet Leigh a sexily neurasthenic Judy. (Biltmore, 47th Street and Broadway, 582-5340.) (MF) **VVV**

Stein Marathon: The great lady's magnum opus, "The Making of Americans," will be read nonstop for 48 or so hours. Fifty of New York's finest spirits will be there to carry the prose. This is New York's second marathon reading; the first one ever was organized several years ago in Canada by artist/poet Emmett Williams. It's a feast of words you should sample, so be one of those who are beginning to be going. (Reading at PAULA COOPER GALLERY, 155 Wooster Street, from noon, December 31 to noon, January 2, admission free.) (AA) **VVV**

ART



Louis Lozowick's "57th Street"

Louis Lozowick's New York: This important American artist flourished in the '30s but his sturdy realist vision was eclipsed by two and a half decades of abstract painting. Now you can review 45 years' worth of his prints and drawings—cityscapes whose subject matter translates into strong geometric compositions in black and white. It's solid work. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Avenue, PL 5-4211, January 5 through January 31.) (AA) **VVV**

Sarris Blasts 'Hindenburg,' Sinks 'Lucky Lady' (P.77)

VOICE ARTS

THE WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF NEW YORK

JANUARY 5, 1976

ART—P. 64

THEATRE—P. 71 LISTINGS



David Bourdon finds reason for distress in the ornate staff politics at Artforum.



Ross Wetzsteon: Sam Shepard's new play, or looking a gift horse dreamer in the mouth.

AT THE GALLERIES—P. 61
CENTERFOLD—P. 44
OFF-OFF BROADWAY—P. 75
OTHER MOVIES—P. 85
VILLAGE MOVIES—P. 83
VOICE CHOICES—Music—P. 57
WHAT'S ON—P. 52

CLASSIFIED—P. 35
DINING OUT—P. 67



Twyla Tharp makes us see dances where we hadn't thought to look.

Twyla Tharp Brings the Wiggle to Ballet

'Her new work is the jewel of ABT. She's the hot number in dance right now. Maybe not as hot as Baryshnikov, but she's only a kaw-ree-ah-grapher.'

BY NANCY GOLDNER

It's the end of a long, hard day for Twyla Tharp. She's just spent seven straight hours rehearsing Mikhail Baryshnikov, Martine van Hamel and a large ensemble from American Ballet Theatre for her new Haydn ballet. She's been on this schedule since early November and I imagine she'll be at it until the premiere on January 9. Like all of her works, this one is incredibly complicated—everybody doing different steps, hard ones, on different counts, and it all has to come out looking as elegant and effortless as Haydn sounds. By 6:30 p.m., Tharp's nerves are taut. Baryshnikov mutters "It's impossible." Tharp smiles tightly and waits for him to complain himself out so that he can get on with he

work, which is to take care that a series of jumps follows a steeply arched path. But another dancer's question about whether a phrase will take her far enough onto the stage from the wing breaks Tharp's temper in two. "Of course it will. I designed it for that purpose," she snaps back. To regain her composure, Tharp resorts to irony. "This whole thing is kaw-re-oh-igraphed, you know." The dancers laugh, and the rehearsal goes on.

Tharp's put-down/put-up of her work seeps into her ballets; that's one reason, I think, why she's so popular. The tone of bemused detachment, at once very entrepreneurial and distancing, tantalizes people.

Continued on page 53



Carol Kane: "Sometimes I'm disappointed in my lack of awe."

Beauty Is a Burden for Carol Kane

'The heroine of "Hester Street" may look like a Pre-Raphaelite vision of Lillian Gish, but in life she is more impish than innocent.'

BY CAROL WIKARSKA

The equation of beauty with truth and the worship of woman as its vision is tiresome and oppressive; so is its corollary: dismissal of women as inherently inferior human beings. And whether it is ascribed by others or self-imposed, that beatific image can be unutterably lonely to live out.

Carol Kane's unprevaricating presence in "Hester Street" is reminiscent of the silent cinema, where actors with powdered faces and darkened eyes wordlessly embodied an idea. Unlike top box-office stars who must rely on creative makeup and sympathetic cameramen, Carol Kane has inspired co-workers and critics to compare her to Botticelli's Venus, a Haps-

burg Princess, or Lillian Gish. Kane's hair flows effortlessly past her shoulders, trapping all available light and making it her own. Her eyes, while hooded by a rosy warmth, sparkle with a world-wise impishness as she speaks.

"I struck people as that kind of serene, introverted character from another age; and it served my purpose. I could hide behind it. It's a very protected womblike image which hasn't anything to do with real life. I would pose in silence for s imaginary painting and let people make me what they would. It took nine years of analysis and the prodding of close friends before I realized that such behavior was inconsistent with my desire to fulfill my

Continued on page 86